

In the Midst of the Uprising

by BlindAcquiescence

Category: Half-Life

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2007-06-18 15:44:08

Updated: 2007-06-18 15:44:08

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:40:12

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,634

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The story of one woman in the midst of the Street wars that ravage City 17 after the events of HalfLife 2 and how she finds out, first hand, just how cruel humanity can be. Oneshot.

In the Midst of the Uprising

In the Midst of the Uprising

By BlindAquiescence

She shrugged her shoulders, trying to scratch the itch without setting her shotgun down. The stolen metrocop vest chafed uncomfortably against her rough, citizen's coveralls. She stood watch outside the small safe house, the rest of her group safely indoors.

The roar of a strider's plasma cannon echoed in the streets behind the row of apartment blocks obscuring her view.

"Last time I offer we draw straws for guard dutyâ€¦" she groaned to herself. Besides, she thought, that prick Ansell had cheated, he'd known which one was short. The shotgun rested uncomfortably in her inexperienced hands. Just one week ago she'd been a low-level mechanic in a munitions factory on the outskirts of City 17. Now she was a soldier in mankind's greatest struggle.

"_Attention all ground protection teams: Autonomous judgment is now in effect. Capital prosecution is now discretionary._" The monotonous voice of Overwatch reported. Nothing new, the vaguely feminine voice had been spouting the same crap since the Resistance began open rebellion. It was Orwellian Newspeak for Civil Protection having total run of the streets and, with help from the Overwatch Augmentation forces, wiping the city clean of any human presence.

There was a large crash and debris flew across the courtyard, coating

it in a thick layer of dust.

"_Sharon, what the hell was that?"_ Her radio fizzled. Sharon, who had fallen to the ground out of sheer surprise and terror of being struck, poked her head up from behind the small concrete wall. A charred piece of blue metal, indicative of the Combine, had fallen onto several of the apartment buildings and come to rest near their safe house. Looking skyward, Sharon watched the tumultuous clouds over the ruined Citadel twirl in their tornado-like dance of utter chaos.

Clutching the radio attached to her vest she reported to her squad commander. "More debris from the Citadel, Leon. Looks like it's gonna blow anytime."

It took a moment for Leon to respond, as she was sure he was trying to raise someone with more authority than himself. "_Barney's on the horn, says we need to check for stragglers then get to the train depot. His team's securing it as we speak andâ€¦_"_

Sharon tucked a wayward lock of auburn hair back under her knitted cap and kept her eyes on the barred alleyway, the soul means of entry by street level in their tiny courtyard.

"_Jesus"_ She could hear Leon laughing. "_You're not gonna believe this but, Freeman's alive!"_ Sharon's ears perked at the sound of the mythological man's moniker. "_He's bought us some extra time with the Citadel. I'm gonna do a sweep of the adjacent streets with Pitt and Ryan, you and Ansell pack our shit up and get ready to get the hell out of here, we're gonna link up with the rest of our people at the train station."_

Sharon rejoiced inside and couldn't believe she was finally getting out. She hadn't seen the outside of City 17 since she had transferred from the child labor mines in Cambridge, England. She shuddered and tried to blot out the memories clawing their way to the surface. She had no memory before the Combine occupation, thanks in no small part to the mind-altering substances she was force fed as a small teenager. Her grip on the stock of her weapon intensified.

It would soon be over.

But she didn't have time to drool over the thought of the man the Vortigaunt's referred to as "The One Free Man", if they were going to get out of this alive, they'd have to work together, with or without the famed soldier's help.

Grunting in amusement Sharon couldn't help but think some of the accounts attributed to Freeman had to have been slightlyâ€¦ exaggerated. A single man heroically braving the coastal wastelands, defiantly attacking Nova Prospekt's front door and turning it into a smoldering heap of rubble.

Unable to suppress a giggle, Sharon thought to herself. "_Sure, next thing you know, they'll be saying he's tamed the Antlions."_

Sharon sighed and leaned back against the wall, tilting her face towards the fading light. It drenched the concrete and stucco walls of the apartment buildings. The sounds of the war began to fade as the warmth took her over. She could almost taste the freedom. It

licked at her senses, tickling her nose.

She wrinkled her face. It wasn't a sense of freedom; something had fallen on her nose. A tiny flurry of dust fell on her vest pocket. Then another, soon the air was thick with dusty debris. Sharon had the intense urge to stick her tongue out and grab a piece, but she thought better of it. But the soft, lofty motion, and the way it scattered the light brought back fractured memories of a whiter substance, associated with cooler climates, and big, thick coats and cups of hot chocolate.

The door she was supposed to be guarding cracked open and a dark-skinned head poked out.

"Sharon!" It snapped. "Quit you're fucking day-dreaming and get over here!" Leon waved her over. She hefted her shotgun awkwardly and quickly jumped the small concrete barrier.

Leon shut the door closed behind her and locked it. Her squad mates were all huddled around the ancient television screen, its soft glare illuminating the dimly lit room. The dialogue of the set was nothing but whitenoise as she turned her attention to Leon.

"What the hell is going on?" She said, setting her heavy weapon on the nearby table and reaching for an untainted ration pack. Leon didn't say a word, but pointed to the brightly glowing box.

"_Fellow citizens, residents of City 17 and environs. By which I mean sentient residents of course. Human and otherwise although I believe there's little need to explain recent developments to our Vortigant allies. At any rate, first as a matter of great urgency if you find yourself still within the confines of City 17 you are well advised to leave the city at once by the fastest means available to you!"_ Sharon couldn't believe it. That old kook, Kleiner had taken over Breen's announcement system. His awkward speech and absentmindedness permeated the message, and was almost comical to listen to.

"It's been repeating itself over and over again for the last twenty-odd minutes." Pitt said, his vision never wavering from Kleiner's bland expression. Ryan sat next to him equally entranced. Before the rebellion Sharon had been an avid watcher of Doctor Breen and his announcements. It was not as if anything was on, nor could she remember any other form of entertainment being available. It was the only form of television she could remember, save half-faded memories of children's shows and the news conferences and battle reports she had seen her parents coldly staring at in the hours before the end of the War. "He said the reactor core of the citadel's going to blow no matter what, we need to get out." Pitt continued.

Leon interrupted him. "Yeah, he said that Overwatch has been cut off, the rest of the Citadels don't have the ability to teleport in reinforcements. They're gonna use the time they've been given to make a blow against the Combine, before they reestablish contact."

"What idiot put Kleiner in charge, anyways?" Ansell sarcastically remarked from the corner of the room. Leaning back in his rickety chair, twiddling his long, mean looking knife in his hand, he shot Sharon a glare. It was different from the looks he normally gave her. Usually he would offhandedly remark that she was unsuitable for

combat, and that they should have just shoveled her off with the rest of the refugees. Sharon would normally have agreed with Ansell, but she knew there wouldn't be any reinforcements for Leon, so she decided to stay. Ansell hadn't been happy, and in his hyper-masculinity hadn't failed to keep her combat skills in constant doubt. Thankfully Leon saw right through his chauvinistic crap.

No, this time the look Ansell gave her was filled less with hatred, more with something she couldn't quite place, something that she'd never quite experienced before. Trying to be non-chalant, she turned to the screen.

Shrugging she said the first thing that came to her mind. "I don't miss Breen, but this isn't as good as when he had the jugglers on." Ryan giggled slightly as he returned to cleaning his MP7.

"Yeah, but it isn't over yet." Pitt said pointing.

"_On a lighter note,"_ Kleiner continued. "_If you are already in one of our designated safe zones, I feel obliged to point out that a more fortunate side-effect of the reactor's destruction is the complete removal of the Combine's reproductive suppression field. Previously, certain protein chains important to the process of embryonic development were selectively prevented from forming. This is no longer the case. For those so inclined, now would be an excellent time for procreation. Which is to say, in layman's terms, you should give serious consideration to doing your part for the revival of the species. We must make the most of the time we have, as it is by no means certain how much time we have secured ourselves before the Combine attempt to restore their dominion, as they certainly shallâ€¦"_

The room was silent for a while, as Kleiner rounded the speech off with as inspirational a line as the one-time professor, now amateur resistance leader, could muster. Sadly, it was lost on Sharon as she contemplated the consequences of what he had said.

"Holy shit." She said, near breathlessly. Leon nodded.

"Looks like you're the one saving the species now, hun." He chuckled. "Freeman's got nothing on you now." Leon wasn't kidding, even if they were able to drive the Combine off of their planet, there was still the problem of the dwindling human population.

As soon as Humanity gave itself over to the will of their _benefactors_, they had installed what Breen had referred to as "suppression field devices" across the globe. She had heard tell that there were certain places that hadn't been effected by the fields, and that a few children had been born, but they were hardly places befitting the raising of children.

Sighing, Sharon thought, _Was any place a _good_ place to raise a kid?_ Growing up in the mines offered little time to learn about the birds and bees, not that it mattered. If they couldn't conceive, what was the point? Of course people still triedâ€¦ but if your species was slowly dying, it kind of took all the fun out of it.

But now, she pondered, it was all changing. She looked around the room, secretly sizing up each of the males. Leon, Ryan, Pitt, Ansell. They were all healthy, relatively clean men, and Sharon could feel

her body betraying herself for the first time in her life, and she was thankful her vest covered her chest. Slapping herself back into reality she realized that she was getting too far ahead of herself. Logically, she thought, the idea of being able to bare a child, after nearly two decades of thinking she would never experience it, overwhelmed her. She had forgotten all the unpleasurable things about sexâ€|

Her eyes rested on Ansell's dark form. She knew where she had seen that look before. In the darkness of the mines, under the heartless fist and electric baton of Civil Protection, no one could hear the children scream. Sharon slowly stumbled back, leaning up against the table, trying to stifle the tears welling up inside her. The image of the Metrocop, looming over her, unmasked. The way his body moved against hers, forcing her to do things she had never wanted to experience, at least not at the tender age she had been. Her fist balled and her breathing became more erratic. Not until the hand fell upon her shoulder did she come back to reality. She grabbed the arms and pushed the form away from her.

"Whoa! Hey, Sharon! What the hell was that for?" Leon said, stumbling back. Sharon was immediately dropped back into the dark room, still only illuminated by the television. But now, all the faces in the room were trained on her, and not the program. The three other men shot her inquisitive stares and Pitt stood up, helping Leon to his feet.

Sharon turned several shades of red. "Oh god, Leon, I'm so sorry." Leon brushed himself off.

"No its okay. We've all been a little jumpy lately." Her shoulders relaxed as he winked at her. "Good reflexes though." Her turned to Pitt. "Alright, we need to do our sweep then get out of her." He turned to Sharon.

"You and Ansell pack up the extra rations and the bags of ammunition. Barney said we need to grab as much as we can, we're going to need to stock pile it when we reach the rally point." Sharon shuddered as she looked over at Ansell, who's stare bore holes through her head. She turned to Leon.

"Shouldn't Pitt or Ryan stay? They're stronger than me." She didn't want to sound too pleading. Leon brushed her off.

"Overwatch controls most of the streets now. Civil Protection is probably on the run, those chicken-shits. I don't need you getting shot. Pitt and Ryan are pretty good shots." He looked over to Ansell who had finally gotten up and was taking stock of the medkits they had collected along their way. "You going to be good, Jonathan?" Ansell grunted in reply, not bothering to turn to Leon.

Pitt reached for his pistol on the arm of the chair and holstered it. He unclipped the MP7 hanging from his belt and checked the mag. "You ready, Sarge?" Leon picked up the stolen Overwatch Pulse rifle that was leaning against a chair and flicked the safety off.

Grinning, he motioned to Ryan. "Now I am." He turned to Sharon. "Constant radio contact with check-ins at ten minute intervals, got it?" Sharon nodded curtly and picked up her shotgun, using the sling to strap it to her back. Leon nodded to Ansell and opened the door,

flooding the room in natural light and the sounds of the war breaking their silence. He nodded to Pitt to run out to find cover. He must have motioned to Leon that it was clear, because both he and Ryan made their way out, shutting the door behind them, throwing the room back into the darkness and the awkward, uncomfortable silence.

"Come on, we need to get this shit organized." Ansell said, breaking the silence, his voice ice-cold. "And drop the gun, it'll just make maneuvering the crates awkward, and its not like you're going to be using it." He snapped.

Sharon was hesitant to drop her weapon, but she finally unstrapped it and set it back on the table. She had her combat knife sheathed at her thigh; she half-heartedly tried to calm herself.

The two worked in silence, stacking the medkits, the boxes of ammunition, and several rations. All the while she dodged his leering glances. Once in awhile he would speak, usually startling her, but almost always to redirect their attention to a new task, or to chastise her.

"Jesus will you lift your fucking side? It feels like it's going to drop on me!" He cried out. Sharon tried harder to lift her end of the crate, to the point where her arms cried out in agony. Finally she let out her pent up breath and warned him she couldn't hold it anymore. She dropped her end, and Ansell cursed at her. "What the hell is your problem, you dumb bitch?" He towered over her kneeling dorm as if he was going to strike her.

Suddenly her radio burst to life, with Leon confirming their location for the third time. _"You guys there? We're making a cursory sweep of apartment block B-2, then we're heading back."_ Ansell seemed to back off, stepping into the next room. Sharon's breathing returned to normal, he gaze never leaving the doorway into the main room. _"Sharon? Jonathan?"_

Sharon grabbed her radio. "Yeah, we're here, just finishing up." Leon confirmed and then he radio went silent. Her ears burnt as she listened intently, looking for the sound of footsteps returning the small hallway. But she didn't hear footsteps, she heard Ansell talking. She got up and leaned up against the doorway, trying to make out the words. She leaned closer, but only succeeded in planting her foot on a squeaky floorboard. The sound caused Ansell to jump and turn around.

Stepping out into the room as if she hadn't been hiding, Sharon looked at Ansell holding the radio in his hand.

"Who was that?" Ansell tucked it back in his vest and glared at her.

"Leon." Sharon felt her blood rush and her face flush.

"I just got done talking to himâ€¦" There was a long silence, then the radio shrieked to life, causing them both to jump.

"_Shit this is Leon."_ Sharon could hear the crackling of plasma rifles in the background. _"We're pinned down in apartment block B-2. Overwatch ambushed us as we were leaving."_ She could hear some cry out in the background. _"Pitt grab him!"_ He must have been referring

to Ryan, though Sharon prayed it wasn't true. "Jonathan, Sharon, get your asses to the station! You tell Barney we'll meet you there!" She could hear another man moan in pain and then the radio went dead.

"Leon! Leon!" She screamed into the receiver. "Goddamnit, Leon, answer me!" She dejectedly threw the radio onto the couch and brought her hands to her face. "We need to help them." Ansell didn't respond. She looked up and saw that same lustful glare staring her down. "Jon! we need to go get them!" She said, her hand falling to her side, near her sheathed blade.

"Sharon they're already dead." He said, matter-of-factly.

Her face full of doubt, Sharon shot back. "You don't know that, Leon's the most capable of any of us, he's been in worse straits."

"But I do know!" He said taking several steps forward. His mouth, encumbered by a ragged beard, turned up in a self-gratifying smirk. Sharon knew it was all wrong now, and took the same amount of steps in reverse.

"But!" She croaked.

"Because I told Civil Protection where they were." She pulled the knife from the sheath and readied it in the defensive position Pitt had taught her.

"You're a mole!" She spat. "You fucking traitor!" In a flash Ansell was on top of her, slapping her away, causing her to fall back and onto the couch, knocking the wind, and the knife, out of her. Ansell stood over her, a Faustian grin plastered across his face.

"I'm a survivor, there's a difference. There's dozens of us. You think the Resistance does any kind of a background check?" He spat as his hands unzipped his vest, throwing it to the side. "I've been with Civil Protection for the last five years. When it all went to hell, Overwatch ordered that some of us don our civilian uniforms and join the nearest rebel detachment!" Sharon's vision blurred from the hit, but she began to get up. Ansell slapped her hard, sending her back to near-unconsciousness. He gripped her and tore off her vest awkwardly. Sharon fought back as best she could, scratching, screaming, and kicking.

One of her kicks connected with his groin and the man yelped in pain, doubling over. Sharon, still blurring from the strikes, wobbled to her feet and made her way to the door. She felt the icy cold grip of Ansell as his fist closed around her ankle, pulling her down, hitting the floor.

"You stupid bitch!" He cried out, crawling over to her as she struggled. He grabbed her shotgun from the table and brought it up. Sharon screamed, thinking she had angered him enough to kill her, but he didn't. He hefted it like a club and brought it down on the back of her head. The world finally went dark for Sharon.

X X X

The world came into focus finally and Sharon struggled to move. Her

arms, nor her legs, though would have any of it. Tied securely, she found herself gagged on a small, ratty mattress in an equally ratty room. Her eyes teared up and she began sobbing behind the dirty, oily rag stuffed inside her mouth. Thankfully she was alone in the room. She tried to turn over, but found that her head screamed out in pain at the slightest movement. She moaned awkwardly with the gag and tried to focus on the sounds instead.

The constant rumbling and erratic shooting outside confirmed they were still in the city. She heard a mumbling behind her. It was Ansell's low voice, finally accompanied by footsteps entering the room.

"Affirmative, I have dismounted hard point, falling back my 10-20 is apartment block C-8, bloc is holding, cohesive." His radio squawked in the same manner as the Civil Protection when he finally received an answer.

"_This is Airwatch, unit Delta three-niner, unit report, visual of priority one subject?"_ That must have meant Freeman, Sharon thought with a pang of horror.

"That's a negative, no visual of anticitizen one. Request evac." The radio was silent for a moment.

"_Report received, CP is compromised, we are reestablishing hard points, and transportation will be requisitioned and brought to your 10-20." _The Civil Protection knew they had lost the streets and were now retreating.

"Affirmative, CP, unit delta three-niner out." She could hear him turn. "Looks like we've got a little time to ourselvesâ€¦" She could hear the steps coming closer, but it was soon drowned out by the sound of her screams.

X X X

Sharon had fought back, she had kicked, she had screamed, but no one had heard it over the sounds of the war. Even had someone heard her, would they have come for her? Over and over again he'd violated her, never once offering her a reprieve. His sick sadistic grin never left his face, and with every violation, she lost her faith in the Human race. Maybe they were worthy of extinction; maybe none of this senseless struggle was worth it.

Finally, spent, he left her, quivering, half naked on the floor of the decrepit room. He dressed himself and stepped out of the room. She cursed him, and cursed every man of her species. She wished they would all burn in hell, she wished she could execute every last one of them heartless tyrants. Her tears spilled over her bruised flesh as she hugged herself tightly and rocked herself.

Soon there were two sets of footsteps inside the apartment. She looked over and saw the silhouette of another person in the next room.

"Jesus, it sure took you long enough." She heard Ansell snap.

"The infection has spread throughout the city; Overwatch has had reports of free necrotics." The crackling radio voice of a proper

Metrocop countered, sounding to Sharon like nails on a chalkboard. She whimpered loudly at the sound. She saw the figure's shadow snap in the direction of her room. Ansell must not have noticed.

"So what? There were zombie's here before it all went to hell." He off-handedly remarked, gathering some supplies. The Metrocop walked over to the small room.

"Affirmative, but exogens have reportedly taken Overwatch as hosts." She could hear Ansell cough in disbelief.

"Are you kidding me? Combine zombies? Why that's like a zombie!" But he was cut off when the Metrocop stepped into Sharon's room. "Hey, hey, she's, she's not!" He tried to explain.

"What is this?" The metrocop's head cocked to the side in confusion, taking the sight of the broken woman in. Ansell appeared at her back, ration bar in hand.

"You know how shit goes, now lets get out of her." He said callously. "And leave the trash." He said referring to the violated woman, as he turned to leave.

But then the Metrocop surprised Sharon when he turned and grabbed Ansell by the collar and swung him into the doorframe, cracking his head against it. Caught off guard, Ansell took the full force of the blow and was sent sprawling. The Metrocop, his heavy breathing made more so by the vocal modifier, took to kicking Ansell in the ribs as he lay on the ground yelping in pain.

"What the fuck!" He yelled in between kicks. He grabbed his attacker's leg and pulled him to the ground. "You asshole!" He grunted as he brought his hands down on the Metrocops chest, causing him to groan. But the CP brought his leg up and kicked Ansell back against the kitchen stove, his head connected with the hard metal surface and he slumped to the floor, blood seeping from the back of his head.

The Metrocop sat, propping himself up on his elbows, for several moments, catching his breath. Finally he tapped the side of his helmet, linking him directly to Overwatch.

"This is unit Alpha four-oh-five, all units respond to code 3, officer down." There was silence, supposedly waiting for a response from Overwatch or Civil Protection headquarters.

"_This is CP, lost biosignal from unit Delta three-niner in your vicinity, confirm code 3?"_ The radio crackled to life.

"Confirm lost biosignal." The Civil Protection officer replied. Sharon crawled to her knees, scooting out of sight. She was afraid that the officer, in his fit of jealous rage, might take her next. Cowering being a dresser, she watched the officer with hate-filled eyes.

"_Uhâ€¦ roger that, dismount current 10-20 and fall back to nearest incursion hard point."_ After that the radio went dead. The officer brought himself to his feet and turned to face Sharon, who instinctively ducked behind the obvious hiding place. She heard the footsteps come closer, and the officer cleared his throat.

"It's okay, he's gone, he's not going to hurt you anymore!" The inhuman voice tried to convince her, but Sharon wasn't about to be caught off guard again. She huddled behind the dresser, her sobs becoming louder. Finally the shape of the Civil Protection officer loomed over her, and the sobs became incoherent screams as Sharon struggled against the grip of the officer. "Wait! Wait!" He stood back and put his hands up, trying to calm her down. "Just wait" He slowly brought his hands behind his head and Sharon heard an audible 'click'. Slowly the officer took his mask off.

But it wasn't a 'him' at all.

The comforting female face stared back at her. Sharon stared in absolute shock as the woman knelt in front of her, her hands non-threateningly resting on her bent knees.

"It's okay!" She let one hand reach up and grasp Sharon's arm lightly. Sharon resisted slightly but let the hand draw her nearer. The Metrocop, no, Sharon reminded herself, the woman, drew her into a hug. Suddenly the sobs flowed free again, but these weren't sobs of horror, they were sobs of anger, anger that she had been violated in such a way, and anger, she could feel, that she was still alive, and would have to deal with the consequences. The woman, her blonde hair done up in a bun to fit inside her helmet, soothed her, patting her back. Anyone who had walked into the room at that very moment would have witnessed the very strange sight of a member of the resistance and a uniformed officer of Civil Protection hugging emphatically.

"Why?" She croaked out in between sobs.

The officer was silent for a long time. "Because when I saw you there, and heard that bastard talk, you stopped being an 'infection' and became a person again." She said softly, realizing it for the first time. Sharon pulled back and looked at the woman. "Can you walk?" Her deep blue eyes questioned.

Sharon nodded. "Good." She continued. "Because we need to move, we don't have much time!" They both heard the creaking floorboards and were given only a moments notice before Sharon saw Ansell stumble into the room over the officer's shoulder, holding the back of his head in one hand, a pistol in the other.

"You dirty rotten bitches deserve to die!" He brought up his pistol.

"No!" Sharon screamed and felt her hand reach for the pistol in the Metrocops holster. She pulled it free and unloaded several shots in Ansell's direction. Several hit the door and the wall next to him, but two hit him square in the chest. His pistol dropped to the floor and he collapsed, smoke still seeping out of the wounds, his mouth sighing on last time.

She focused her vision back on the unnamed Metrocop, who had her eyes shut tightly. Slowly she opened them, one at a time.

"I guess I guess we're square. You saved me!" Both women began to stand. Sharon offered her the pistol back, and the officer took it, holstering it. The noise outside finally became apparent as the

ground shook from another one of the Citadel's death-throws. Both women turned to the door and the smoking body.

"Come with me." Sharon blurted out. The officer turned to her, her face inquisitive. "Come with me to the train station, we can escape with the rest of the Resistance." The officer looked down, staring intently at her Gestapo-like boots.

"Iâ€¦I don't thinkâ€¦" But Sharon countered her.

"You think you can go back to Civil Protection after what you just did?" She motioned to the body. "What about the next time they order you to sterilize an infection? The officer scrunched up her face, the thought disgusting her.

"What do you think they'll do when they see you with someone dressed like this?" She said, motion to her uniform. Sharon hugged her tightly.

"We'll work it out, besides, Barney's been running around in his get up since the whole thing startedâ€¦" The officer's eyes grew wide.

"You mean Barney Calhoun? He's part of the Resistance?"

"He's been leading most of the street battle himself! Do you know him?" The officer lead Sharon out of the room, leaving a small part of her innocence behind as well.

"Yeahâ€¦ the bastard owes me a beer, I guess I can still call in that favour." She said, a small crease of a smile cracking her cheeks. Picking up Ansell's weapons and offering Sharon the MP7 she noticed her staring at the small room, and the disheveled mattress. "Heyâ€¦" She began, placing a calming hand on her arm. Sharon turned to her, her eyes glistening with the promise of more tears.

"Is it even worth it? Are we worth saving?" The officer stared at her confidently.

"I've known a lot of horrible men." She said nodding. "But I've known plenty more good men." Her grip tightened. Sharon thought about Leon, Ryan and Pitt, anyone of whom she knew would have given their life for hers. She turned back to the dark room and back to her rescuer. She wasn't healed quite yet, but she was filled with a sense of hope, a sense that, maybe there were more good men like Leon out there, and she hoped it was those kind of men who won the day against the Combine.

"Lets goâ€¦" Her newfound friend nodded and turned to the door. Opening it to the outside, they were greeted by the sound of war.

But a war, Sharon thought looking at the repatriated Metrocop, which just might be worth fighting.

Alrighty, so before anyone becomes all up in arms about how I have the time to write this, and not update Shephard Epic, know that an update is literally RIGHT around the corner.

Got that out of the way? Good!

Anyways, so I wrote this because I remember hearing Kleiner talk about how the suppression devices had ceased functioning, allowing humanity to procreate. I just wanted to explore a side of the Half-Life universe never really addressed, and that's the idea that not everyone would be happily willing to be kind to their fellow citizen. You're still going to have hyper-masculine nuts that think that they can take advantage of the disenfranchised. Especially when it comes to the darker matter of rape and abuse, I thought it was a reality that, thought not at all necessary, hadn't been addressed.

Or it could also be that I was on a slightly emo trip when I wrote this, but you be the judge!

Anyways, so all my readers, thank you for being so generous with your praise for my other works, I hope this will satisfy you while I edit and touch up the next chapter of Shephard's Epic.

Until then, keep up the good fight!

-Blind

End
file.